Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwer to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and al. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are haunted; pray maſters flye maſters, helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſſe head of your own. Do you?

Enter Peter quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.
The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

The Throſtle, with his n
The Wren with little qu
Tytania. What Angel
Bot. The Finch, the S
The plainſong Cuckow
Whoſe note full many a
And dares not anſwer, n
For indeed, who would
Who would giue a bird
uer ſo?

Tyta. I pray thee gen
Mine eare is much enam
On the firſt view to ſay,
So is mine eye enthralle
And thy faire vertues fo

Bot. Me-thinks mit
for that: and yet to ſay
tle company together, n
ſome honeſt neighbour
I can gleeke vpon occa

Tyta. Thou art as wi

Bot. Not ſo neither:
of this wood, I haue en

Tyta. Out of this wo
Thou ſhalt remaine he
I am a ſpirit of no com
The Sommer ſtill doth
And I do loue thee; th
Ile giue thee Fairies to
And they ſhall fetch th
And ſing, while thou
And I will purge thy n
That thou ſhalt like a
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb

En